THE KALIDA VENTURE.

Equal Laws, Equal Rights, and Equal Burdens—the Constitution and its Currency.

VOL. XIV.—NO. 15. KALIDA, PUTNAM COUNTY, OHIO, FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 1854. WHOLE NO. 679.

NOW-A-DAYS.

Alas, how many things has changed,
Since I was sweet sixteen,
When all the girls wore home-spun frocks,
And aprons nice and clean;
With bonnets made of braided straw,
That tied beneath the chin;
The shawl laid neatly on the neck,
And fastened with a pin.

I recollect the time when I
Rode father's horse to mill,
Across the meadows, rock and field,
And up and down the hill;
And when our folks were out to work,
As sure as I'm a sinner,
I jumped upon a horse, bare-back,
And carried them their dinner.

Dear me! young ladies now-a-days,
Would almost faint away,
To think of riding all alone,
In wagon, chaise or sleigh;
And as for giving "Pa" his meals,
Or helping "Ma" to bake,
Oh, saints! 'twould spoil their lily hands,
Though sometimes they make cake.

When winter came, the maiden's heart
Began to beat and flutter,
Each beau would take his sweetheart out
Sleigh-riding in a cutter,
Or if the storm was bleak and cold,
The girls and beaux together
Would meet and have most glorious fun,
And never mind the weather.

But now, indeed, it grieves me much
The circumstance to mention,
However kind the young man's heart,
And honest his intention,
He never asks the girl to ride,
But such a war is waged,
And if he sees her once a week,
Why surely "they're engaged!"

HAVING A CRACK AT 'EM;
OR,
Storming an Arkansas Court House.

BY FALCONBRIDGE.

The State of Arkansas is not exactly what it used to was; civilization, schoolmasters, colporteurs, and common sense have quite changed the general aspect of affairs, political, legal, agricultural and domestic. And hence, the never ending Arkansaw stories, of the "ancient regime," become the more vivid, thrilling or ludicrous, contrasted with the present order of things in that part of Uncle Sam's farm.

Some years ago, in one of the newly laid out counties of Arkansas, quite an intestinal war broke out among the people, relative to a court house. One party would have the county seat here, and another party there. The one side insisted the court house should be located here and built so, "the other side" persisted in building a court-house thus and there, and no way nor no how else.—The democratic or dominant party, went to work, made a *clearin*, and up went a spicious log edifice, in which justice should hold her court, and legal affairs of the new and not overly populous county, be dispensed according to the statutes, Blackstone, Coke and Littleton, etc. The court, being ready to commence business, the judge proceeded to organize juries, grand juries, and swear them and the officers of the court. Upon reaching the court house, the judge found a very considerable gathering of the people; he felt proud to have such a grand opening, and feeling his oats, and knowing that all Wild Cat county had their eyes stretched to that suspicious epoch, with the weight of his official robes and the dignity of the State of Arkansas, resting upon his broad shoulders, he determined that the glory of the one should not be tarnished, nor the ponderosity of the other shrank from Hitching his horse to the rick, in rear of the court house, the judge took off his mittens and saluted the crowd that began to assemble around him.

"Well, gentlemen," he began, when a coarse voice interrupted the judge with—

"Look here, old hoss, none of your palaver now."

"Sir!" the judge responds in some amazement.

"Yes, sir-ee, old hoss fly, you ain't comin' none o' your big licks over this crowd, nohow," says another.

"Why, gentlemen," stammers the judge, "what's all this mean?"

"Mean? Why it means, judge, you can't come no sich a load o' poles over us—well you can't."

"But, I, a gentleman—"

"Gentleman be——, you'll find us *men* 'round yer," bawls one of the crowd, now hemming in the bewildered lawyer.

"Well," continues the judge, "really, this is without precedent. I am astonished—"

"And ye'll be more 'stonished yet, judge, if you open a court in these diggins!"

"It can't be did, ole hoss!" cries another.

Now the judge was a whole team himself, when aroused; he had lived too long in the woods to be frightened at ground hogs or garter snakes; his courtesy and good humor was threadbare, he was growing red about the gills, his hair bristled upon his capacious head, and it was very evident an explosion was on hand.

"Look here," says the judge, "I've come here to open court; if the court is ready, I'm ready for court; if there's any cases on the docket I'll try them; if there's any nigger-stealers, horse thieves, counterfeiters, or——rascals of any description, I'll put them through a course of sprouts, or my name's not Judge Bozzard, of Wild Cat county, State of Arkansas."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" bawls the crowd.

"Three cheers for the ole hoss, he's raising steam!"

"And," continues the Judge, "I will further state, for your general and several good, and respective information—"

"Go it bob tail!" cries one.

"Silence, darn ye!" echoes another.

"If any man attempts to show any contempt for my court, I'll clap the screws on him quicker than lightning; if any man, with malice aforethought, dares to molest me, I'll throw down the dignity of my official station, and wattle the skunk until his onry hide won't hold corn shucks!"

"Put 'em through, Judge!"

"Go in! Give 'em goss!"

"Three cheers for Judge, hurrah! whoosoop!"

And the Judge started for the court-house door, his saddle-bags on his arm, the air resounding with a full yell and chorus of the crowd. There were the jurors, the lawyers, the cases, the plaintiffs, defendants, witnesses, sheriff and officials and persons necessarily connected with a temple of justice. It was very evident, however, that a row was brewing; it was in vain that the crier cried order, or that the Judge ordered the disorderly out. His eloquence, his dignity, his common sense, all failed to restore "order" or organize the court.

"I would like to know," said he, as soon as partial quiet was restored, "what this cabal means, who are the disorderly, and what they are after?"

"Well, Judge," says a tall, gaunt, wolfish fellow, rising above the crowd, "you see we folks up above Rattle-snake Fork, of Possum Creek, and the jinin' neighborhood, are agin this yer court."

"You are?" exclaims the Judge, "who are you, sir?"

"That'll 'pear, Judge, when I g't thro' my argyin," continued the Demosthenes of Rattle-snake Fork, of Possum Creek. "We 'posed the idee since the county lines were drawn, we 'posed this yer location for general court; we 'pose it now, and I stand yer, Bill M'Cracken, of Rattle-snake Fork, of Possum Creek, I stand here to defend our 'pinion, defend the universal rights and sacred liberties, and the justis of the county! That's who I am; yes sir-ee!"

One grand and indiscriminate yell of approbation followed Bill M'Cracken's sublime peroration. Now the Judge rose, he twitched down his sheep skin vest, he fumbled nervously about his wristbands, he looked warm and wolfish all over.

"I perceive," said the judge, with the strongest possible effort to keep cool, "that there is a determination on the part of sundry evil disposed individuals, to interfere with and obstruct the duties, dignity and responsibility of this court.—And, (waxing warmer!) I should hold myself recreat, (raising his voice!) cowardly and contemptible, (steam up!) to a degree utterly and eminently beneath the character of a sheep-stealing *boy*, if I did not put it down!"

"Give it to 'em, Judge! Go it ole fire fly!" is the chorus.

"And," continued the Judge, wiping the perspiration, now freely percolating through the cuticle of his massive and fury-stamped brow, "I'll put it down, and the friends of order now in court, will lend a hand to the sheriff and officers of the court, to clear these rapscallions and peace-brakers—clean out of these precincts. Sheriff, clear the court; men lend a hand, and we'll show the Bill M'Crackenites that we are not to be impeded, insulted or mobbed in no such way. Sheriff, do your duty, friends of law and order assist!"

"Then I'm in!" cries Bill M'Cracken, rushing forward. "Judge you and I've got to lock horns, whoo-o-oop!"

With yells! hurrahs! and all sorts of cross-butting, pitching and tearing, gouging, biting, rough and tumble, they went at it. The war raged inside and out.—Sometimes the Judge and his followers drove out the M'Crackenites, sometimes the M'Crackenites drove out the Judge and the court. The fight not only spread all over the neighborhood, but lasted with unabated fury for two entire days and nights. They fought and *fit*, fit and *fought*, up trees, on top the court house, inside, outside, and all around the settlement.—On the morning of the third day, the golden sun arose around as a shield, and bright as the winsome eye of happy maidenhood; the war was ended, the victors were there, weary and worn, and the Judge and his attachees held the court in triumph! Where was the M'Crackenites? Echo answered—*no whar!*

A horseman is seen, a lone, solitary horseman, his steed is covered with foam, the rider with a blue blanket and dust!—He was ridden far and fast; he dashed up to the court house; he squats down upon his saddle to get a view of the court, through a low window, he looks astonished, mortified, he speaks:

"Eternal yeathquakes and pizend hold facs! Rid thirty miles last night, all the way from Rattle-snake Fork, of Possum Creek, to have a hand in this yer fight, and it's all over afore I got a sight on't! Well, *here goes to have a crack at you, ole bullet head, anyhow!*"

The solitary horseman having thus discharged his duties and a murderous rifle at the Judge, wheeled and fled as sudden and rapid as he came.

The Judge fell, they raised him up, he was but slightly killed and a good deal scared, an ounce ball having perforated the collars of his coat.—*Forest Garland.*

LONDON CHURCHES.—Thirty church edifices in London are doomed to distruction; they are to be torn down, and with their steeples, pulpits, bells, organs, pews, ministers, deacons, beadles, sextons and clerks, are soon to disappear from the city, and their sites to be sold, or devoted to some pecuniary profitable purpose. These churches are to be removed for the want of congregations, and the funds resulting from the sale of the property will be devoted to the erection of churches in the suburbs of the great city, where hundreds of thousands of people are without church room.—Perhaps many of our readers who are unfamiliar with the workings of the church system in England, will be surprised to learn that there are fifty churches in London whose average attendance is only thirty-three; the regular attendance at some of these is not more than sixteen. There are many churches besides the above, whose average attendence is less then fifty. Thus for more than a century and a half a portion of the clergy have preached to almost empty churches—earning their salaries, to be sure, but doing how little to really fill the divine mission of their calling, and all this vast populations have been growing up around the city, and among whom, until now, no attempts have been made to introduce the teachings of the Words of God.

HARD TO PLEASE.—A lady went into a grocery, lately, and asked for some self-raising flour. The clerk for the moment was a green Irishman, who, opening a barrel, showed her some of the ordinary superfine.

"This is not what I want," said the lady; with some pique; "I want self-raising flour."

"Oh," said Pat, with promptness, "a divil a bit will ye find fault with its not rising; the whole barrel went up this morning from nine to eleven dollars, and if that don't suit, you are hard to plaze, intirely." The lady disappeared in a huff.

THE "KNOW-NOTHINGS."

The New Orleans *Delta* gives the following account of this new and secret society:

The objects of the 'Know-Nothings,' are twofold—part religious, part political; and the ends aimed at, the disfranchisement of adopted citizens, and their exclusion from office, and perpetual war upon the Catholic religion. With these cardinal principles, the qualifications for membership and brotherhood are easily determined.

1st. The applicant for admission to a 'wigwam,' must be a native born citizen, of native born parent, and not of the Catholic religion.

2d. To renounce all previously entertained political leanings, and co-operate exclusively with the new order.

3d. To hold neither political, civil, nor religious intercourse with any person who is a Catholic; but, on the contrary, to use all available means to abolish the political and religious privileges he may at present enjoy.

4th. That he will not vote for any man for office who is not a native citizen of the United States, or who may be disposed, if elected, to place any foreigner or Catholic in any office of emolument or trust—the latter not being, in the opinion of 'Know-Nothings,' a 'credible witness' in any case save where the oath is administered by his priest.

The 'pass-words' and 'signs' for admission into the 'wigwam' of the 'Know-Nothings' are as follows: The applicant raps at the outer door an indefinite number of time, asking at the close, in a low, whispering voice, 'What meets here to-day?' (or night, as the case may be.)—The interrogated immediately replies, 'I don't know.' To which the applicant for admission responds, 'I am one,' and forthwith is admitted to a second door, at which he gives four distinct raps, when the door being opened, he whispers to his attendant 'Thirteen,' and then advances into the body of the lodge.

If disposed to leave before the adjournment of the lodge, the member leaving salutes the President, then the Vice President, by first placing his right hand on his heart, then letting it fall to his side, whispering to the Guardian as he retires 'thirteen.'

If a member requires the assistance of a brother when mixing promiscuously with the public, he places the right forefinger upon the left eye-brow, as if in the act of scratching, looking directly at the person whose attention he desires to attract, when, if the person be a member, he is bound to respond immediately by a similar sign. If it be desired to know of a stranger whether he is of the initiated, on shaking hands with him, the middle finger is placed upon the lowest joint of his finger, next the wrist, with a gentle pressure; when, if he be a member, he will ask, 'Where did you get that?' to which he will rejoin, 'I don't know;' and the querist will end by replying, 'I don't know either.'

Nothing concerning the association is to be committed to writing or published, and the most profound silence and secrecy are to be observed by every 'Know-Nothing' outside; but everything inside the Wigwam is imparted indiscriminately to members.

Every member, on admission, swears by holding up his right hand, and pledges himself to do all in his power to put down foreign influence, and particularly the Catholic religion, and in no case to vote for any person for any office who is not a 'native American citizen,' and no one, with some exceptions, is eligible to membership, unless he and both of his parents are native born.

There are several Lodges, or Wigwams, at this time open—one, presided over by a Mr. H—ty, assembles in a room in the Mechanic's Institute; and another holds its meetings at No. 9, New Basin. There are three degrees to be taken by members; between each intervals of three weeks must occur.

The New York Missionary who came here to organize the 'Know-Nothings,' is styled 'Judge-Advocate,' and he is charged with like duties in every other city in this section.

As no records are kept, or publications made by the Association, the plan of notifying members of any emergency requiring their speedy assembling is by scattering small square pieces of white paper over the banquette and public thoroughfares, and by nailing them to posts, doors, or other places accessible to the public.

FREDRIC THE GREAT.

Fredric was a tyrant without doubt; but an enlightened one, and in many respects a liberal one. He had the sentiment of justice somewhat strongly developed, although he would commit, now and then, very arbitary and cruel actions—witness his treatment with Baron Trench which, let the privation—never clearly understood—have been what it might, could not have justified the atrocious, systematic, and unintermitting persecution to which he was subjected. But allowence ought to be made for Frederick, if they are to be made for any body, possessed of so much power, and so wholly irresponsible for the use of it. It is surprising that the son of such a father as his could have had any virtues at all—any feelings, or honor, or justice; and then he was an absolute monarch—a position but little calculated to foster and encourage virtuous propensities. He was greatly suppetior to the crowned heads of his day; and the affix of Great accorded to him by his cotemporaries, was very appropriate then, and the judgment of posterity has confirmed it. Napoleon, though little addicted to saying flattering things of other majesties, admired Frederic, visited his tomb, fillibustered his word, and said to him that it was a pity so great a man should ever die. Had Friiz, as his soldiers called him lived and reigned in our times, it is likely that he would have been as superior as his crowned "brothers" and "sisters" of the year 1854, as he was to those who flourished seventy or eighty years ago. He had elements of greatness in him; and, had he lived in better and more favorable times, they would have been more signally developed, it is likely. Voltaire, who professed to hold atheists in great contemet—though but little better then one himself—and who, as Cowper says of him.

"Built God a church and laughed his word to scorn."

regarded the king as an atheist, when he was in a bad humor with him. He was tolerant, however, and enforced tolerations throughout his dominions; which no other monarch of his time did fully, we believe. This, at that day was much.

Fridric has no equal, probable in some respects—in fortitude and tenacity of purpose. Here Napoleon was his inferior. He never lost heart, never despaired, never receded, even when he carried poison in his pocket as the *dernier resort*, if future should declare against him finally. Napoleon did the same.—Such a war as he carried on against more than half of Europe no other man could have carried on, then, and it is doubtful we think, whether either Napoleon or Wellington could have done so much, with such small means, comparatively.

We have been led to make these few remarks about Frederic in consequence of finding, in the London *Times*, a letter of his to his minister, Finukerstein, published recently at Berlin, in fac-simile It is dated Berlin, January 10, 1757.—This was a very gloomy period of the war; and he tells his minister what he must do, in case the French and Russians should be successful against him at certain points; and in it is the following remarkable passage:

"Should I be killed, affairs are to be managed as if nothing had happened, without seeming to be in other hands.—Should I be made a prisoner by the enemy, I positively order that my person is not to be at all considered, nor the least attention paid to anything I write while a prisoner. Should such a misfortune happen to me, I intend to sacrifice myself for the state; and obedience must then be paid to my brother (the heir presumptive,) for which he, and the Ministers and Generals are to answer me with their heads, that no ransom shall be offered for me, and that the war is to be continued precisely as if I had never existed."

In this there is nothing dramatic, no affectation of a patriotism and resolution stimulated and not felt. The posture of the King's affairs was a very critical one, and from the manner in which he exposed himself in the battles he fought, it was very likely that he might be killed, or taken prisoner, against either of which contingencies he made most heroic provisions. His brother and his ministers and Generals, knew him too well to attempt any departure from his orders.—About a question of political or military obedience he inherrited the ideas of his father in a great degree. What he says about their heads was no flourish, no *bueten felmen* and that they knew, and would have implicately obeyed him with respect to all he said himself, not from indifference to his fate but from respect to his wishes, and from fear of his vengeance, if they did not obey.

But few letters have been written by kings and potentates, we imagine, under similar circumstances, that can compare with this, for self-sacrificing patriotism and disinterestedness. The king had plunged his country, very unnecessarily, into war, being in it, he bore himself in a manner that endeared him greatly to his countrymen and subjects. Had he lived later he would probably have been a greater man and a better one. His ideas would have been more expanded and liberal, and he would have distrusted himself more in the exercise of supreme power then he did. But tried by standard of the times, the complimentary epithet added to his name is not misapplied, for he was—as the word was then, and is now used—great.—*Washington Globe.*

CURIOUS FACT.—By a simple experiment it is easy to discover to what animal one kind of blood or spots of blood belong. The process is as follows:—Put a few drops of blood, or the serum of blood, into a glass; add concentrated sulphuric acid to the amount of one-third, or half the quantity of blood, and stir the whole together with a glass rod; by this means the odoriferous principle peculiar to the species of the animal to which the blood belonged, is evolved; thus, for instance, the blood of a man disengages a strong odor of the perspiration of a man, which it is impossible to confound with any other; that of a woman a similar odor, but much weaker; that of the sheep the well known smell of greasy wool; of a pig the disagreeable odor of a piggery, and so on. Even the blood of a frog has given out the smell of marshy reeds, and that of a carp the peculiar smell of a fresh water fish.—Upon trials made to ascertain whether spots of blood could be distinguished, and referred to their source, it was found that to a certain extent a pretty sure judgment can be given even after fifteen days. The spotted linen is to be cut out, put into a watch glass, and, moistened with a little water, left for a short time at rest, and well soaked, a little sulphuric acid is to be added and stirred about with a glass rod, the peculiar odor will then be recognized; but this experiment should be performed without delay, for after a fortnight the odor is scarcely perceptible.

STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS, United States Senator from Illinois, was born in Rutland Co., Vermont, on the 22nd of April, 1813, and is consequently, 41 years of age. His father was a physician. At an early age he was apprenticed to the business of cabinet making, which he soon deserted to enter an academy. Mr Douglas afterwards read law in Canandaigua, New York, and in Cleveland, Ohio; after which he went to Jacksonville, Illinois, where he divided his time between teaching school and the study of law. In 1834 he began to practice law, and in less than one year, was elected States Attorney, by the Legislature of Illinois. At twenty-three he was in the Legislature; and afterwards was Register in the Land Office.—*Columbian.*

An Englishman travelling through the county of Kilkenny, came to a ford, and hired a boat to take him across. The water being rather more agitated than was agreeable to him, he asked the boatmen if any person was ever lost in the passage. "Never," replied Terence, "never. My brother was drowned here last week, but we found him again the next day."